

## VESSELS OF MERCY

Though many see on the horizon  
The impending disaster and woes,  
A priesthood has tasted His mercy,  
And the cup of His grace overflows.

Storm clouds are blowing and gathering,  
The sound of their thunder is near.  
Threatening winds would intimidate  
With all of the noise that you hear.

Crops in the fields have been ripening;  
The wheat and the tares grow within.  
Salt is preserving the landscape  
Until all of the harvest is in.

Corruption is reaching a pinnacle:  
It comes as a ravenous beast,  
Seeking to sway and influence  
The greatest one down to the least.

But not everyone bows to the image:  
Not all are deceived and profane.  
Though creation is sighing and groaning,  
A covenant people remain.

A qualified Judge weighs the evidence,  
While iniquity fills to the brim.  
A verdict of guilt brings His discipline;  
Still many are coming to Him.

His holiness calls for His justice,  
But the nature of One Who forgives,  
remembers His promise of mercy,  
For the sake of the ones who are His.

Vessels are forged on the fires  
Of hardship, while wicked men rule.  
This method of His preparation  
Serves as a strengthening tool.

A message of hope is arising,  
Though heaviness hangs in the air.  
The enemy seeks to discourage  
And overwhelm men with despair.

You are His vessels of mercy;  
His judgment will bring a release.  
In the midst of turmoil and darkness,  
He delivers the Gospel of peace.

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